Transcripts - Forever Dreaming

Thousands of current or popular TV shows and movie transcripts for online research and education.
https://transcripts.foreverdreaming.org/

01x07 - Smells Like Codependence

https://transcripts.foreverdreaming.org/viewtopic.php?t=8978

01x07 - Smells Like Codependence

by **bunniefuu** Posted: **02/09/01 06:10**

(Scene opens with Justin and Daphne entering a piercing salon. A guy with tattoos all over him and piercings everywhere walks by them)

Daphne: Did you see that?

Justin: Kind of hard to miss.

Daphne: It's so gross.

(they look along the walls at the different things)

Justin: I think it's cool.

Daphne: I can't believe you're actually doing this...for him.

Justin: It's not for him.

Daphne: I mean, just because he's your boyfriend doesn't mean you have to--

Justin: He's not my boyfriend. I don't do boyfriends. Besides, half the kids in the school have their noses or their ears pierced. Ericka Jacobson even has her belly button pierced.

Daphne: Ericka Jacobson is a wh*re. A-a-and it's dangerous. This girl in Texas, her boyfriend went to kiss her. His braces got caught in her tongue ring. Ripped it clear out of her mouth.

Justin: (laughs and wipes his nose) Stuff like that always happens in Texas.

Daphne: What about that guy with the stud in his nostril? Gangrene set in. He had to have his entire nose amputated.

Justin: Urban legend.

Woman: Who's next?

(Justin looks at her. Cut to Justin sitting in the chair, the woman putting latex gloves on)

Woman: Take off your shirt, honey. (he unzips his shirt) So, which one do you want, right or left?

Justin: I don't know.

Woman: You know, most guys like right. (she grabs some disinfecting stuff and rubs it on his right nipple) Okay. (She puts him under the light)

Daphne: Excuse me, is-is this going to hurt?

Woman: (holding up the needle) Of course. (Justin smiles, nervously) Okay, you ready?

(He nods. She grabs his nipple with these clampy things and pushes the needle through)

Justin: Ow! (he starts chuckling and looks down at it, mouth wide open. He smiles and looks at Daphne)

(Liberty Diner. David and Michael are sitting in a booth, eating. A guy walks by and stares at them)

David: Notice how practically every guy in here's been cruisin' us?

Michael: I should have warned you that the clientele doesn't exactly come here for the five star cuisine.

(The scene pauses as Michael talks)

Michael: (voice-over) Everybody's always wishing they had a boyfriend. We all picture how he'd look, how he'd sound, how nice it would be to have someone to share your life, your dreams, your dental floss.

(The scene unpauses)

David: A little disconcerting when you're trying to eat.

(Scene pauses)

Michael: (v-o) So how come so few of us have one? That's because we're lying. (scene unpauses) Most of us couldn't committ to a houseplant, how are we suppose to committ to having a boyfriend.

Michael: (to David) You should see what it's like when Brian comes here. (David makes a face) I'm so sorry. I promised I would not mention his name for ten minutes.

David: I'd settle for five. (Michael smiles) And you've got to stop smiling like that.

Michael: Like what?

David: Like that. It makes me want to come across the table and eat you like a dessert.

Michael: Would you like some whipped cream with that, sir?

(David laughs. As they're about to kiss, Debbie walks up)

Deb: Stay away from that onion, honey. Especially if you two are planning on goin' at it all night.

Michael: Ma, what are you doing here?

Deb: Tryin' to pay my bills. You got a problem with that?

(David points to her. Michael gets up and gives her a kiss)

David: This-this is-this is your, uh...

Michael: Mother.

Deb: (shakes David's hand) I'm Debbie. And you're...g*dd*mn gorgeous is what you are.

Michael: Ma, this is David. I thought tonight was your night off.

Deb: I, uh, Lorraine got food poisoning. I think it was the shish kebab.(points down at what David's eating as he's about to take a bite. She laughs as he puts the fork down) I'm just kidding!

(Michael play laughs with her and makes a cutting motion with his hand. Debbie does the same and shuts up)

Deb: Okay. Gotta get crankin'. Got a lot of hungry boys to feed. (Michael takes a drink as Debbie lifts up a tray full of food) Jesus, my back is killin' me.

David: Hey. (gets up behind her) If you lift...from your knees...takes the pressure off your back. You feel that?

Deb: Yeah, I'll remember that. You're an angel.

David: No, I'm a chiropractor.

Deb: You're a doctor?

David: Yeah.

Deb: (she puts the tray back down. to Michael:) You're dating a doctor? How long were you planning on hiding him from me?

Michael: As long as I could.

Deb: (to David) You're coming for dinner, tomorrow night.

Michael: He can't.

David: I can't?

Michael: You got plans. (to Deb) He's got plans. He's very busy.

David: Debbie, I'd love to.

Deb: Good for you. I'll see you there, seven-thirty.

David: Okay.

(She walks off as David starts laughing. Michael giving him a look)

(Justin's house. His mother and father are talking about him. Jennifer's sitting down while Craig is standing)

Jen: Craig? Aren't you going to say anything?

(pause)

Craig: Justin's not g*y. Those nude drawings you found, they're probably just an assignment for art class. And the underwear, I'm sure he just bought it for himself.

Jen: It's not his size.

Craig: (scoffs) Still, that's no reason to suspect that he's--

Jen: He told me himself.

Craig: So what. That doesn't mean anything. A lot of kids think that. They're confused. They're scared.

Jen: He's not confused. He's not scared. He knows.

(Craig sits down)

Jen: The same way we've always known.

Craig: No. No, I have not always known.

Jen: At least suspected.

Craig: No, you suspected. He's not g*y. He's---

Jen: What, sensitive? Different? Artistic?

Craig: He's his own person. You know, not every kid is the quarterback on the football team.

Jen: I think you better talk to him.

Craig: (chuckles) And say what? "Y-you're mother thinks you're a h*m*"?

Jen: Before he gets himself into trouble. Before he exposes himself to God-know's-what. If he hasn't already.

Craig: Wait. You're saying he's doing things?

Jen: He's...seventeen. How naive can you be?

Craig: So why didn't you tell me?

Jen: I promised him I wouldn't.

Craig: Oh, that's terrific. (he gets up and starts walking off) Don't I have a right to know what's going on around here? (shouting) Hey, Justin!

Jen: He's not here. He says he's going to Daphne's, but I know he's not.

Craig: So, where is he?

Jen: The other night I found him in a g*y bar.

Craig: I don't f*cking believe this, Jen! You let him go to these places?!

Jen: I had no idea.

Craig: Well, I'm putting a stop to this right now.

Jen: Uh, there's more. Well, he's seeing someone.

(pause)

Craig: So, who is this kid? I'll call his parents.

Jen: He's not a kid, he's a man. (pause) His name is Brian Kinney.

(silence)

(Woody's. Brian and Michael are playing pool as Ted and Emmett watch)

Emmett: I say, if it walks like a boyfriend...

Ted: Talks like a boyfriend...

Emmett and Ted: Then it must be a boyfriend.

Brian: Would you two please shut the f*ck up. I think it's great that Mikey's got a steady.

Michael: He's not a steady. We went out twice.

Ted: Around here, that's a long term relationship.

Emmett: Next thing you know, you'll be exchanging rings.

Ted: Mmm. And then they'll be one of those committment ceremonies where, like, all two hundred of the guests have slept with one, if not both, of the happy couple.

Emmett: (laughs) Just, um, promise me you won't wear matching white suits.

Michael: There is no way that is ever going to happen.

Emmett: Well, then, I suggest you watch out for the warning signs.

(Emmett comes up beside Michael and puts his arm around him)

Michael: What warning signs?

Ted: Like when he brings you flowers.

Emmett: Or, uh, or invites you away for a romantic weekend in the country.

Ted: Not that you'll see much besides the bedroom ceiling.

Brian: Your shot, Mikey.

Emmett: Oh! Or the most tell-tell sign of all...when he meets your mother and, uh, she invites him over for dinner.

(Michael hits the ball off the table when he hears that one--just as Justin walks up, catching it)

Brian: Something the matter?

Michael: I lost my grip.

Justin: Guess what I got today.

Brian: A new bell for your bicycle?

Justin: A nipple ring.

(He pulls his shirt up to show it to him)

Brian: Every piece of trash has something stuck through their ear or their nose or their belly button. Or their c*ck. What makes you think I'm even remotely interested that you have a ring through your tit.

Michael: It's late. I got work.

Brian: Don't forget about this Friday.

Justin: What's this Friday?

Brian: You're too young to know.

Justin: Tell me.

Ted: Just some heathen ritual called "Studs N Suds."

Justin: "Studs N Suds?" What's that?

Emmett: Well. (clears throat) First they flood the dance floor at Babylon with soap suds.

Ted: Then everyone strips down to their undies.

Emmett: Or less. And dances. Cheek to cheek. (he bumps Ted's hip with his)

Justin: That sounds awesome.

Ted: It's disgusting.

Emmett: See you there?

Ted: Can't wait.

Emmett: Mmm.

(Michael starts to leave)

Brian: You better be there, too.

Michael: Don't worry. (he leaves)

Emmett: Guess who's head over heels?

Ted: You mean heels over head.

(They leave)

Justin: Does Michael have a boyfriend?

Brian: That's none of your business.

Justin: I just wanna know.

Brian: (grabbing Justin's nipple) Well, don't stick your tit in where it doesn't belong.

Justin: Ow.

(Justin's room. Craig cautiously walks in and starts looking at the pictures on Justin's walls, etc.)

(Cut to Brian and Justin f*cking in Brian's loft)

(Justin's room. Craig flips through a magazine and Justin's sketchbook)

(Cut to Brian and Justin f*cking again)

(Craig's still looking through the sketchbook)

(More f*cking)

(Craig finally finds the nude pictures Justin drew)

(Even more f*cking)

(Craig finds a photograph of Brian and Justin, Brian's arms around him and tugging on his ear with his teeth)

(Brian and Justin f*cking)

(Craig sits on the bed, holding the picture)

(Cut to Brian and Justin and then back to Craig, just sitting there.)

(Michael and Emmett's place. Michael's in the bathroom, getting ready, as Emmett watches. There's knocking at the door)

Emmett: Ooh-ooh! That must be Prince Charming. (he opens the door to find Brian) Make that the wicked witch.

(Brian walks in)

Michael: What are you doing here?

Brian: I'm hungry. Let's go get something to eat.

Michael: I'm goin' to my mom's, remember?

Brian: Oh, right, din-din with Doc. I forgot.(he sits down at the table)

Michael: He's going to be here any minute so you better go.

Brian: (opens a box) What's this?

Michael: Chocolate eclairs from the Big Q Bakery. I bought them for dess--

(Brian downs one in one bite)

Emmett: Wow, it takes years of practice to develop technique like that.

Michael: (grabs the box) Look, I know you don't like him, but--

Brian: Who said I don't like him? And why do you give a f*ck what I think?

Emmett: I've been saying that for years.

Brian: What matters is what you think. If you like him, that's all that's important. Even though he is (looks at Emmett) quite a bit older than you. Who lives in a world you know nothing about.

Emmett: Shut up.

Michael: Are you saying he's too good for me?

Brian: Nobody's too good for you, Mikey. You're better than anyone.

(he goes over to him)

Michael: Because he happens to think I'm hot. You know, some people do.

Brian: Haven't I always told you that?

(He kisses Michael on the mouth as someone knocks on the door)

Emmett: I'll get it.

(Emmett starts walking over to the door as Brian rushes past him. It's David)

Brian: Dave, buddy. We were just talking about you.

(David enters with flowers in his arms)

David: Really. Hi, Emmett.

Emmett: Hi.

Michael: Hi. (they kiss. He notices the flowers) These are great. My mom'll love these.

David: (laughs) Her's are in the car. Those are for you.

Emmett: (in Michael's ear) The second sign: flowers. (louder) I'll just put these in some water.

(Emmett goes into the kitchen as David looks a little confused)

David: Everything all right?

Brian: He's allergic to boyfriends bringing bouquets.

(David looks over at him, sharply)

David: Well, we better go. (clears throat and opens the door) Don't wanna be late.

Brian: (grabs the box of dessert) Don't forget this. (gives it to Michael) Have fun, you two.

(They leave as Brian sits back down at the table)

(Justin's house. Craig, Jennifer and Justin are all talking)

Justin: (to Jen) You said you wouldn't tell! You promised!

Jen: Justin, I had no choice. I had to tell Daddy.

Justin: You lied to me. You said you wouldn't.

Jen: It was for your own good. W-when I saw you with this Brian--

Justin: You keep calling him "this Brian." Like that's his name. It's just Brian.

(pause)

Jen: When I saw you with Brian...his arms around you, kissing you. I couldn't believe it! Not for the reason you think. It's not right for a man his age to be touching you...to be having sex with you. And...even though you may think you...love him...I'm sure he doesn't love you.

Justin: That's not true.

Craig: He's an adult. It's ill*gal for an adult to have sex with a minor.

Jen: Honey, it's not your fault. We don't blame you. We understand this man en-enticed you.

Justin: He didn't entice me. I wanted him.

Craig: Justin...god! You-you're too young to know what you want.

Jen: Craig, please. You promised you'd stay calm.

Craig: I-I am calm. And what about A*DS?

Justin: He wore a condom. I put it on him myself. (smiles slightly to himself)

Craig: Oh, god! I'm calling the police.

Jen: You're not calling anybody. That's all we need is for everybody to know.

Craig: What, you want this monster, this...child molester, to go free?

Justin: He didn't molest me and I'm not a child!

(pause...Justin looks at his mom)

Justin: I love him. More than anything else in my life. It's all I want...is to be with him.

Craig: I...don't ever wanna hear you say that again. And you are not to see him.

Justin: I'm going to see him. I don't care what you say.

(he starts to leave)

Craig: I don't think so. (he starts to follow him) No you're not, Justin. (shouts) Hey, Justin!

(Jennifer stands there and watches as they walk off)

(Deb's house. Debbie, Vic, Michael and David all sit at the kitchen table, eating spaghetti)

Deb: Have some more Carbonara, David.

David: I'm stuffed, thanks.

Deb: Oh, come on, with that body you can afford a carbo-load.

Vic: Yeah, you must work out all the time.

David: Well, when I can.

Deb: Feel those biceps. (she does) I could never resist a hard body. (chuckles) Like mother, like son.

Vic: Like uncle.

Michael: Like, will you two please leave him alone. Next you'll be asking what kind of car he drives and how much he makes.

(David laughs as Debbie and Vic look at him, expecting an answer)

David: I drive a Jag, and I'm comfortable.

(there's a pause as Deb looks pleased)

Vic: Michael, if you don't marry this man immediately, I will.

David: (changing the subject) I think I will have a little more.

(Both Michael and David get more pasta)

Michael: Me, too.

Deb: (chuckles) It's like Lady and the tr*mp .

David: Lady and the tr*mp?

Deb: It's Michael's favorite movie.

Michael: When I was nine.

Deb: (chuckles) See, Lady and tr*mp go on this date to an Italian restaurant. And then the waiter--

Vic: Tony.

Deb: What else would his name be? (her and Vic laugh) Brings over this big bowl of spaghetti and meatballs. And, um, and they

put their head in the bowl. They're dogs. (David laughs and gives Michael a look) And they come up with this one single strand of spaghetti. And then they chew and they chew and...

Vic: They get closer and closer...

Deb: Until finally their lips meet.

Michael: It is, in my estimation, the greatest screen kiss ever.

David: Yeah, I-I remember it. Like this.

(David puts his napkin on like a bib and grabs a strand of spaghetti. He gives one end to Michael and puts the other end in his mouth. They eat the strand and meet in the middle and kiss)

Deb: That's even better than the movie.

(They sit there, looking at each other lustfully. Vic hits Debbie, signaling them to leave them alone. They get up)

Michael: You wanna see my old room?

David: I'd love to see your old room.

(Michael takes a sip of wine and they bolt upstairs)

(While in Michael's room, they're making out)

Michael: Be gentle.

(David laughs as they get on the bed, making out some more)

David: I've been waiting all week to do this.

Michael: Mmm. Me too.

David: Just hasn't been any time.

Michael: I know. It's hard...(David laughs) finding time.

(David laughs harder)

David: I got a solution.

Michael: Uh-huh.

David: I got a solution. How'd you like to go away with me for the weekend?

(silence)

Michael: Huh?

David: I got a cabin up in the woods.

Michael: Will I get to see anything besides the bedroom ceiling?

David: (laughs) Word of honor. What do you say?

(They're lying there, about to kiss, when they hear Debbie yelling from downstairs)

Deb: Say "yes," you little as*h*le, or I'll disown you!

(David starts laughing)

Michael: Like I said, it's a very small house. (David laughs some more as they kiss)

(Brian's loft. He's on the computer, in a chat room, giving someone his number. Seconds later, the phone rings)

Brian: (on phone) Six Fuller, corner of Tremont. It should take you...ten minutes. One for every inch.

(He hangs up as there is knocking on the door. He answers

it and finds Michael)

Brian: You got laid.

Michael: (smiles) I did not. (he walks in the loft)

Brian: Yes, you did. I can always tell. I thought you and Dave were having dinner at Deb's.

Michael: Dinner's over.

Brian: What, did she scare him off?

Michael: Actually, she and Vic were on their best behavior.

Brian: That's even scarier. Listen, you can't stay. I've got someone coming over in approximately seven and a half inches, so... (they get up and start walking to the door) I'll see you tomorrow. At "Studs N Suds."

Michael: I can't go. That's what I came over here to tell you. (pause) David invited me away with him for the weekend. He has a cabin.

Brian: Well, what do you know. Just like the boys said: Flowers, dinner at mom's, and now an invitation to the country.

Michael: You're mad.

Brian: Why would I be mad? I mean, who wants to be on a crowded dance floor surrounded by naked men covered in soap suds when you could be breathing all that fresh, country air? (the phone rings) Just don't forget to take your inhaler in case your asthma attacks. Must have gotten lost. (on phone) I told you, six Fuller, corner of Tremont. Now get your a*s over here. I've got this new dildo...nine inches long, seven inches round. I'm gonna open up your hole with it and I'm gonna f*ck you so hard your eyes roll back in your head.

(we see Craig on the other line, not saying anything, just listening. He hangs up and it goes back to Brian, who also hangs up)

Michael: You ever considered a career in phone sales?

Brian: Get out of here. (he ushers him outside and closes the door. The phone rings again. He answers it) Now what? (pause) Didn't you just call? Wait, that wasn't you?
(Cut to Craig, standing alone in the center of his house)

(Michael and Emmet's place. Michael's on the phone, calling in sick, while Ted eats a banana and Emmet's trying to help Michael pack)

Michael: (on phone) It's my neck again. I can barely move it.

(Emmett walks in with two shirts)

Emmett: Do you want the periwinkle or the apricot?

Michael: (covers phone) Shh!

Emmett: (in a whisper) I think the apricot goes better with your eyes.

Michael: (he makes a face and starts talking on the phone again) Uh, yeah, I-I think it'll be better in a couple days. Uh. Oh, don't worry. I definitely plan on seeing my chiropractor. (Emmett laughs) Thanks.

Thanks. Bye. (he hangs up)

Ted: You know what grows when you lie.

Emmett: Too bad it's your nose.

Michael: I'm entitled to a couple of personal days.

Ted: Michael, you're entitled to a personal life. (throws banana peel away)

Emmett: All right, have we got everything?

Michael: Uh, five pairs of jeans, seven shirts, four sweaters and ten tees.

Ted: How long you goin' for?

Michael: The weekend.

Ted: All right.(he goes over to Michael and starts going through his suitcase) One change of undies. A pack of condoms. Tube

of lube. There, you're all set.

(Emmett and Michael laugh)

Michael: Remember when my mom took me to Atlantic City, and I got sick on all that salt water taffy?

Emmett: (to Ted) Listen to him. He's got cold feet already.

Michael: I'm not getting cold feet. I just...don't know what you do for a whole weekend.

Emmett: Well, let's see. First you arrive...

Ted: Then you f*ck.

Emmett: Then you unpack...

Ted: Then you f*ck.

Emmett: Then you go berry picking.

Ted: Then you f*ck.

Michael: I mean after you f*ck.

Emmett: You talk. You get to know each other.

Michael: What if I run out of things to say? What if I say some stupid remark and he says, "W-why am I up here with this jerk?" Or what if--

Emmett: Hey, hey! Would ya please stop worryin'.

(pause)

Michael: I just want him to like me.

(another pause)

Ted: He already does. He more than likes you.

(silence)

Emmett: So you go. And you have a fabulous time. And bring us back some berries.

(Emmett puts his arm around Ted. Michael starts laughing as Emmett starts grabbin' Ted)

Ted: That's...not my berries.

(Casa de Lesbos [™ Scott Lowell]. Brian is writing a check to Lindsay--for Gus)

Brian: How much?

Lindsay: Two thousand. Who knew it would be so expensive having a kid?

Brian: Obviously we didn't.

Lindsay: Can I tell you that I love you to death?

Brian: Hmm. You and Melanie really are after my life insurance.

Lindsay: And that you are exceedingly generous.

(She reaches over to give him a kiss on the cheek as he gives her the check)

Brian: Oh, you know, I barely have enough left for "Studs N Suds."

Lindsay: Oh, is that this weekend? You going with Michael?

Brian: (he gets up) Michael went to the country with the proctologist.

Lindsay: Chiropractor.

Brian: Whatever.

Lindsay: (getting up) Oh, sounds romantic. (Brian's putting his jacket on as Lindsay walks up to him) Peaceful walks, cozy fires.

Brian: Stepping in bear sh*t, being stung by mosquitoes. (chuckles) I guarantee you after two days, he'll wish he was back here with me at Babylon.

Lindsay: I wouldn't be so sure. He might actually like a change of scene. Not to mention someone who actually wants to be with him.

Brian: You know, I told him, "I'm glad you're going out with Dave." He can't spend the rest of his life

tricking and going to clubs. It's time he settle down...and grew up.

Lindsay: (laughing) You are so full of sh*t. You can't imagine why two people would want to be together, can you?

Brian: The desire to fall asleep in front of Jay Leno and argue over who's turn it is to pick up the dry cleaning?

Lindsay: It's called not wanting to be alone. Knowing that you're loved. Apparently a lot of us need that. Including Michael. So promise me you won't f*ck it up for him.

(Brian leaves as Lindsay waves)

(St. James Academy, boys locker room. Chris and various other boys walk in)

Chris: (to guy) You ran into my lane, you stupid a*s.

Guy: I couldn't see you. I forgot my contacts.

Chris: (to guy) f*gg*t. (he walks further in and sees Justin, who doesn't have his shirt on yet--you can see his nipple ring) Hey, Taylor. Aren't you gonna take a shower?

Justin: I have to finish a paper for Nessler. You know what a b*tch she is.

Chris: (opens his locker but looks at Justin) Don't you wanna check out all the guys' dicks? I know how much you like that. (Justin looks down as Chris spots the nipple ring) Hey, what's that?(he walks over to him)

Justin: (walking away) Nothing.

Chris: (pulls him back) Let's see. (looking at the ring) Where'd you get that?

Justin: Piercing parlor on Liberty Avenue.

Chris: sh*t. You really are a q*eer.

Justin: (putting his shirt on) I am not.

Chris: Yeah, then why do you have a nipple ring?

Justin: I wanted it.

Chris: Yeah, so your fudge-packin' friends can pull on it while they're butt-f*cking you?

Justin: How do you know so much about what f*ggots do unless you are one?

(Chris pushes him against the locker and Justin punches him in the mouth. Chris punches Justin back)

Guy: Fight!

(They're trying to get to each other as the rest of the boys are pulling them back)

Chris: Come on! m*therf*cking b*tch! Come on, you f*cking son of a b*tch!

(Justin spits blood at him. Chris gets really pissed)

Chris: Come on, you f*ck! I'm gonna k*ll you, you f*cking--

(The boys continue to hold them back from each other)

(David's cabin. David and Michael drive up and get out of the car)

Michael: Wow. You really built this place yourself?

David: Most of it. I'm good with my hands.

(They laugh as they start walking to the front door)

Michael: Yeah, I've noticed.(takes a deep breath) Forgot how good fresh air smells.

David: When was the last time you were in the country?

Michael: We visited a dairy in the third grade.

David: That's a long time.

(David laughs. Michael looks around a bit before they go inside. Once inside, David throws his arms out)

David: Make yourself at home. I'm just gonna throw this bag upstairs.

(He puts the bag of groceries he was carrying on the table, puts his keys down and heads upstairs with a duffle bag. Michael looks around and spots a fish hanging on the wall)

Michael: (calling up to David) So, did you catch that fish or challenge it to a duel?

David: I-I caught that with some friends down in the Florida Keys.

(Michael puts his bag down and starts looking around some more. He spots a picture of a woman and a little boy)

Michael: Who's this?

David: (coming down the stairs) My ex.

Michael: Ex-scuba diving instructor? Ex-figure skating partner?

David: Ex-wife.

(There's silence as Michael looks down)

Michael: She's pretty. (he puts the picture back up) I didn't know you were married.

David: (grabbing a different picture) Yeah. Seven years. (holds the picture up) And that is my son,

Hank. He's twelve now. (Michael's shocked) He's, uh...living with his mom down in Oregon. (he sits down) I don't get to see him too much anymore.

Michael: So you weren't always g*y?

David: No, I was always g*y. Just didn't want to admit it. (Michael nods) And being the over achiever that I am, I figured that if I worked hard enough, I could become anything I wanted. Including straight. So I married Laurie. A-and for a long time we were happy. Built this place together. But eventually it became harder to...to deny who I really was. Who I am. (smiles) So I told her. (he puts the picture down) I-I-it was the only fair thing to do...for either of us.

Michael: She must have been really upset.

(silence. David gets up)

David: After we split up...(clears throat and puts the picture back up) after we split up I promised myself that I would...well, that I would be honest with me...(Michael nods) and that I would always be honest with anyone else that I love. Which, I guess, is why I'm telling you.

(They stand in silence as David goes in to kiss Michael. They embrace after the kiss)

David: Whoa. You all right?

Michael: (looking a little woosy) Must be all this fresh air.

(chuckles)

(They hug again)

(Babylon: Studs N Suds! Emmett is on the dance floor, dancing, as Ted and Brian stand on the side and watch)

Ted: Aren't you gonna dive in, join the fun?

Brian: I already took a bath, but if you want to jump in, I promise I won't look.

Ted: You and everybody else.

Emmett: Hey, you two wallflowers. (blows soap suds at them) Come on in, the suds are great! (dancing with a guy) Look what I found. My rubber ducky, quack, quack.

Brian: (laughing) That's pathetic.

Ted: I thought Studs N Suds was your favorite contact sport.

Brian: What, a bunch of f*gs sliding around in their shorts?

Ted: You always seem to enjoy yourself when Michael was here. But I guess it's not as much fun scoring without your little audience of one, is it? You know, as the great French philosopher Roquefort, or-or was it Camembert, once said: "It is not enough to trick. Your best friend must also go home alone."

Brian: f*ck you. (he gets up to leave) I haven't thought about Michael once tonight.

Ted: Hey, what do you know, just like when he's here.

(As Brian leaves, Ted stands there, watching the action)

(Cut to Brian walking outside of Babylon, going to his car. A guy walks up to him)

Guy: Hey! You remember me?

Brian: Why, should I?

Guy: We did it at the baths a couple weeks ago.

(Brian looks at him)

Brian: I must have been very desperate.

Guy: f*ck you! (a near-by group of guys start "ooh"ing as Brian gets in his jeep) Who the f*ck do you think you are?(Brian drives off as the guy hits the side of the jeep) f*ck you!

(Cut to Brian, in the jeep, stopping at a four way stop. He turns the music off and starts searching for a tape of something he likes. Out of nowhere, a car comes up behind him and rams into the jeep. Brian hits his head on the steering wheel and cuts his head. The car starts backing up, stops, revves it'ss engine and goes for it again)

Brian: (yelling) What are you doing, you crazy f*ck!?!

(He hits the side of the jeep and drives off)

(At the cabin. Michael and David are in the woods having sex. They finish and kiss)

David: Oh, god, that was incredible.

Michael: (laughing) And they said I'd never be any good at outdoor sports.

David: (laughing and panting) Oh. (starts to get up)

Michael: Don't go. Don't go.

David: Okay. But I have to warn you, a girl scout troop comes through here every day.

Michael: Holy, sh*t!

David: (laughing) I'm kidding. I'm kidding. I'm kidding. We can stay here forever if you like.

Michael: I'd like. You know, I was really nervous about comin' up here this weekend.

David: Oh?

Michael: (nods) But it turns out I had no reason to be.

David: Good. So we can go away together again some time.

Michael: (sucks in air) May-be.

David: You ever been skiing?

Michael: Not really.

David: When was the last time you were in New York?

Michael: Uh, like, never.

David: London? Paris? The Amalfi Coast?

Michael: Try Atlantic City, 1983.

David: Michael, Michael. There's a whole world outside Liberty Avenue. I'd like to show it to you, if you'd let me. (pause) But first...(they kiss) we swim. (he gets up) Come on! (Michael smiles as David starts running to the water) Come on! Come on! Whoo! (jumps from a tree branch) Whoa! (laughs)

Michael: I'll be right there!

(Water splashes in the background as Michael pulls out his cell phone and calls Brian, who is laying in bed, reading a magazine)

Michael: Guess what I'm doing?

Brian: Uh, rubbing pink stuff all over the poison ivy you got when that bear chased you through the woods.

Michael: Basking in the afterglow of having just made love to David under a tree. as*h*le.

Brian: (laughs) That sounds like Falcon video pack seventy-seven: Man's Country.

Michael: (laughs) It was incredible. I've never had sex outdoors before.

Brian: Sure you did. In the back alley behind Babylon.

Michael: I don't mean the kind that takes five minutes, with your pants around your knees and your butt against the bricks. So how was your weekend?

Brian: (Brian lights a joint) Dandy.

Michael: Yeah? How was Studs N Suds?

Brian: Bubbly. Too bad you weren't there.

Michael: Okay, what's going on?

Brian: Nothing.

Michael: You can't fool me. Out with it.

Brian: (sighs) Only if you promise you won't let it spoil your weekend.

David: Michael, hurry up! Come on, it's warm!

Michael: Right there! (on phone) What?

Brian: I was in an accident. That's all.

Michael: What kind of accident?

Brian: I wouldn't f*ck this scumbag so he rammed my jeep. Twice.

Michael: Christ, are you okay?

Brian: Well, I have a minor head wound and a concussion.

Michael: Oh my god!

Brian: Now you promised you wouldn't let it spoil your weekend, so don't even think about cutting your trip short and coming back here. (David walks up to Michael) You and doc just enjoy your poke in the pines. Bye, Mikey. (he hangs up)

(Michael hangs up the phone also)

David: Are you coming in? What? What's up?

Michael: I have to go back.

(Justin's house. Craig is in the garage, looking at the busted up front of his car. Jennifer walks in and sees the car)

Jen: My god, what happened to the car?!

Craig: Just some as*h*le in a jeep backed into me.

(Justin comes in)

Jen: Well, I--did-did you get his information?

Craig: It was dark, honey. He drove off before I could see him. (Justin starts walking off) Where are you going?

Justin: Out.

Craig: No, you're not leaving this house.

Justin: What, so now I'm a prisoner?

Craig: I heard what happened at school, Justin, yesterday. You're principal called.

Justin: So? (he walks up to his father)

Craig: So? So now you're flaunting yourself in front of everyone?

Justin: I was not flaunting myself, dad. Besides, Chris Hobbs is the one who started it.

Craig: You know, I don't care who started it. You're not going back there. (he starts walking inside)

Jen: What?

Craig: We're sending him away to school. It's time you learned some discipline. How to be a man.

Justin: (smiles) I know all about discipline. And you should see me take it like a man.

(Craig slaps Justin)

Jen: (gasps) Craig! (she goes to Justin)

Justin: It's all right, mom. It didn't hurt. If you want to hit me, go right ahead. Only I'm not gonna cry like some little f*gg*t. And if you want to send me away, that's all right, too. 'Cause I bet more butt-f*cking goes on in boarding school than in the back room of Babylon. But whatever you do, it's not gonna matter...'cause I'll still be your q*eer son.

(He walks off down the driveway. Jennifer tries to say something but is too frustrated and also walks off, leaving Craig standing by the garage)

(Brian's loft. Lindsay, Melanie, Ted, Emmett, Justin and Brian are all there. Brian is on the couch as Lindsay brings him something to drink)

Lindsay: Have some tea. (hands it to him)

Brian: Ah, it's too hot. (hands it back)

Ted: Here, put this ice bag on your head. (puts it on)

Brian: Th-that's too cold. (takes it off)

Mel: What are you, Goldilocks?

Emmett: (thermometer in hand and talking in a weird voice) Time for your temperature! Roll over! (everyone laughs) Rrrr---(he

tries to put it down there)

Brian: You're not stickin' that thing up my a*s.

Ted: That accident must have really jarred your brain.

Brian: It wasn't an accident. That as*h*le kept ramming me.

Mel: Did you get his license?

Brian: It was dark.

Justin: What kind of car was it?

Brian: I don't know. Some silver thing.

Justin: Oh my god, it was my dad. I know it. (Brian laughs) When I saw his car, it was totally smashed.

Mel: Hmm. (looking at Brian) Now why would your father do something like that?

Justin: Because my mom told him everything. He wants to have you arrested and send me away.

Brian: Don't be a drama princess.

Lindsay: You better be careful, just in case.

Brian: (scoffs) Don't worry about me. (he gets up) I'm invincible! (hops off the couch)

Mel: Yeah, you also got a concussion.

Brian: Well, f*ck it. (he turns on the stereo) It's party time.

(he grabs Justin and goes to dance in the center of the loft. Lindsay and Melanie start making out on the couch)

Emmett: Come on, Teddy. Shake your groove thang.

(Michael and David walk into the loft, seeing Brian and Justin dancing and everyone else having a good time)

Brian: Hey, guys. Join the party.

Michael: I though you were really hurt.

Brian: I am.

David: Michael insisted we come right back.

Brian: I told you not to.

Michael: I know, but--

(David leaves)

Brian: Don't go after him, Mikey. Don't ever go after anyone.

(Mel leaves to go after him and shuts the loft door as David is in the elevator)

Mel: Sorry.

David: For what?

Mel: Brian. I know what it's like, his manipulations.

David: He gets a real kick out of that, doesn't he? You know, I should just turn, walk away and never come back.

Mel: Well, that's one option. Unless, of course, you think Michael's worth fighting for, which is what you're gonna have to do.

David: Thanks for the advice.

Mel: Yeah, I like doing pro bono work. Reminds me I have a heart.

David: (opens the elevator thingie) What is it with Brian Kinney? I mean, sure, he's good looking, but a lot of guys are good looking, and he's got his f*cking charm, but we all have that when we want it. But what is it with him?

Mel: Well, now, Lindsay says it's that he'll do anything, say anything, f*ck anything. No excuses, no apologies, no regrets.

David: In other words, he doesn't give a sh*t?

(He nods his head and then closes the door again)

(Babylon. Emmett and Ted are talking as Brian inhales a popper and gives some to Michael. David walks in)

Ted: There's David.

(He walks up to Michael and Brian and puts his arms around them, inhaling some of the popper, too)

David: Ah, is there some room in your dance card for me?

Michael: Sure!

David: Not you...you. (he points to Brian)

(David grabs Brian by the arm and starts leading him away)

Brian: (looking at Michael) Why, doc, I thought you'd never ask.

(Michael looks shocked. David and Brian start to dance. Michael goes over to Ted and Emmett, looking back at David and Brian)

Emmett: Man. David looks hot!

(Michael looks at Emmett)

Ted: Why is he dancing with Brian?

(Michael looks hurt as they dance some more)

Brian: You don't dance half bad.

David: I dance damn good. I haven't done it for a while.

Brian: You should go out more often.

David: Yeah, well, there's nothing here that interests me.

Brian: Well, then why are you here?

David: I came to see you. You know, for a guy who was on death's doorstep, you made a remarkable recovery.

(They stop dancing and just stand there)

Brian: Well, I believe in the power of prayer and...drugs.

David: I told Mikey you'd be all right, but he had to come running back.

Brian: What can I say, he's a sweetheart.

David: That's because you're all that matters to him. You're his world, his life. Everything he thinks about, everything he dreams of, everything he knows.

Brian: He's my best friend since we were fourteen.

David: That's sixteen years of waiting. He's been waiting so long he actually thinks he's happy. But you and I both know that he's never gonna get what he really wants, is he?

Brian: (confused) And what is that, doc?

David: For you to f*ck him. (Brian smiles) And don't tell me you don't know it. And you love knowing it, don't you?

Brian: You've been around for, what, a week? You think you know him? (Brian looks at Michael across the dance floor. Emmett puts his arm around Michael as David looks over at him, too) You don't.

David: I'd like to. But I never will as long as you're around. Maybe I should just disappear. (Brian raises his eyebrow) You'd probably like that. And he probably wouldn't think twice about it...but i'm not going to. I'm not going to disappear. Because I want him. Even more than you don't want me to have him. So if you're really his best friend, give him a chance to be happy...to have a life. His own life. Let him go.

(They stand in the middle of the dance floor, staring at each other, as everyone around them dances)

Powered by phpBB® Forum Software © phpBB Limited